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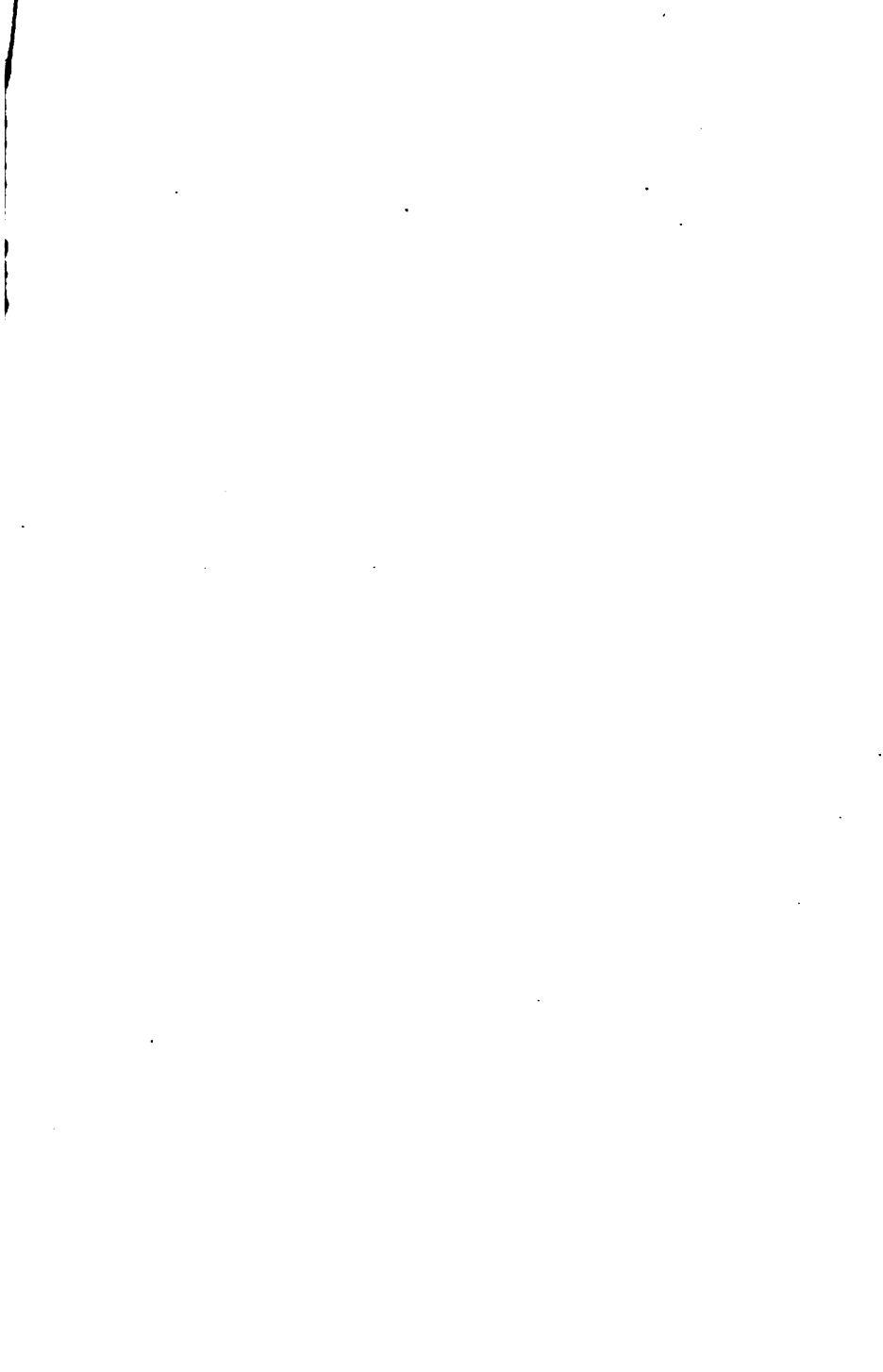
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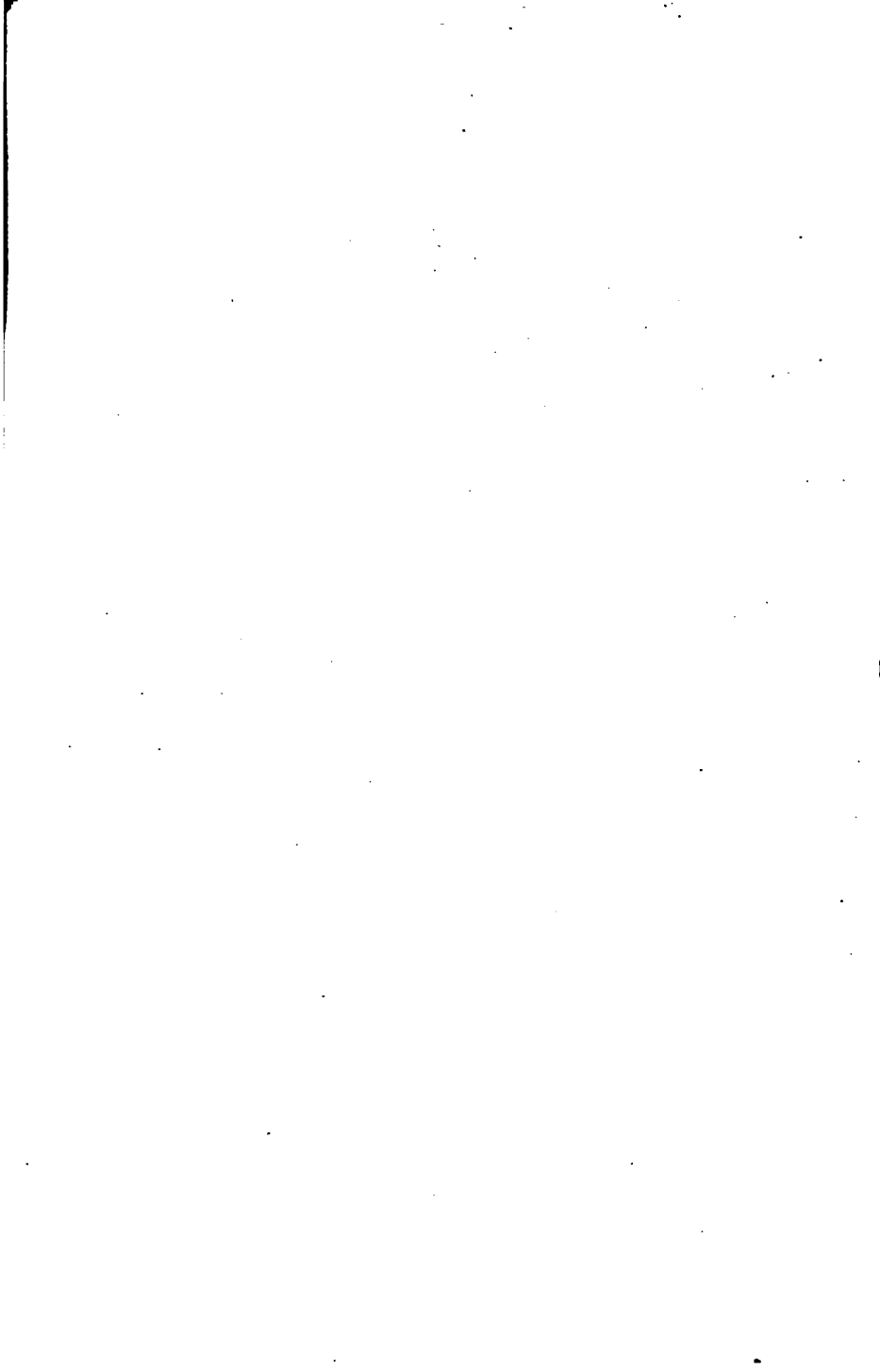
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AT ST. HELENA

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AT ST. HELENA

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A ROMANCE



GENERAL GOURGAUD

3

TALKS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

WITH
GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD

TOGETHER WITH THE JOURNAL KEPT BY GOURGAUD ON THEIR
JOURNEY FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA

TRANSLATED, AND WITH NOTES, BY
ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "ENGLAND IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "RUSSIA AND TURKEY IN THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY," "EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY," "ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,"
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"MY SCRAP-BOOK OF THE FRENCH
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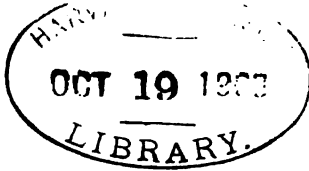
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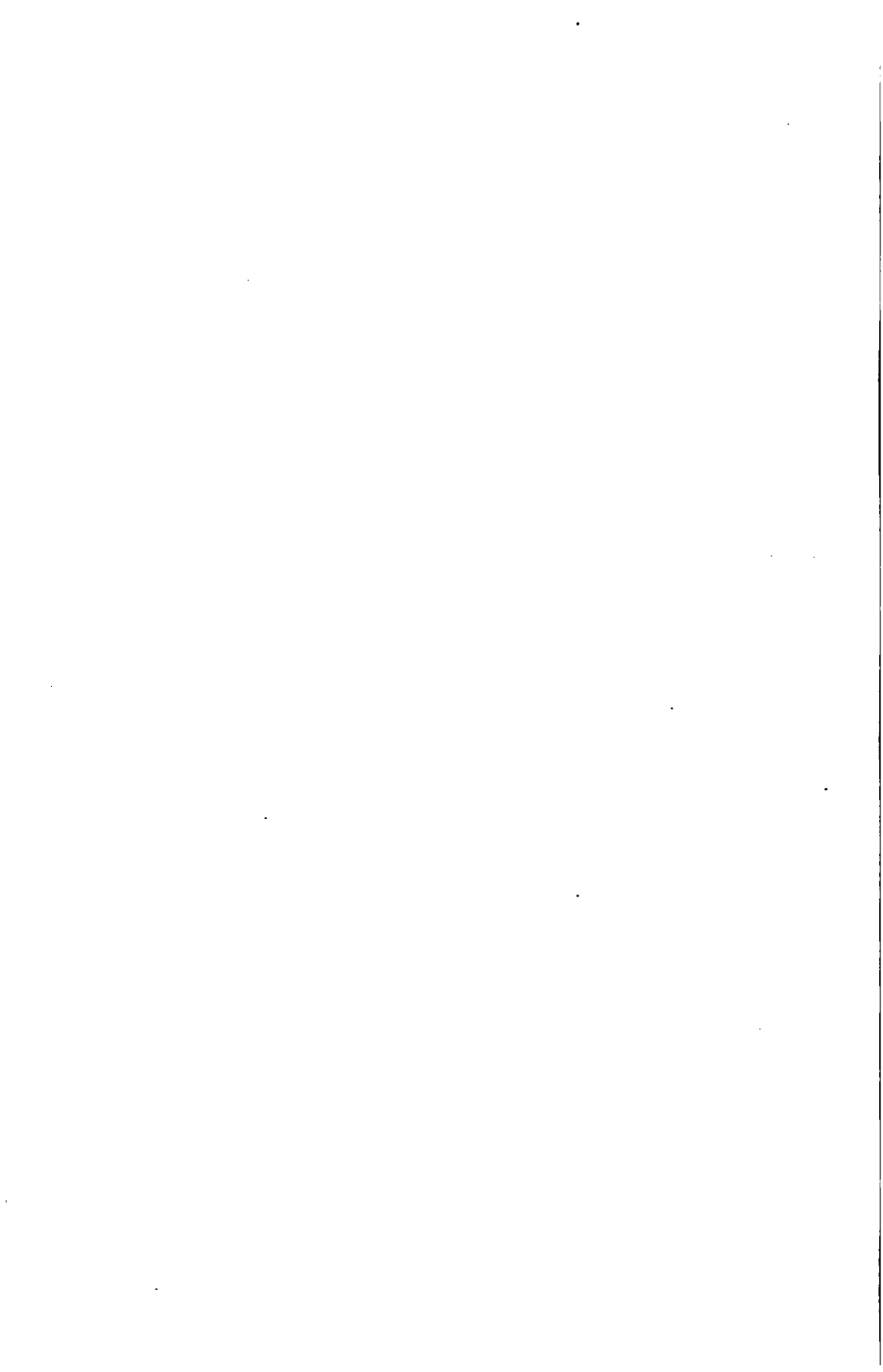
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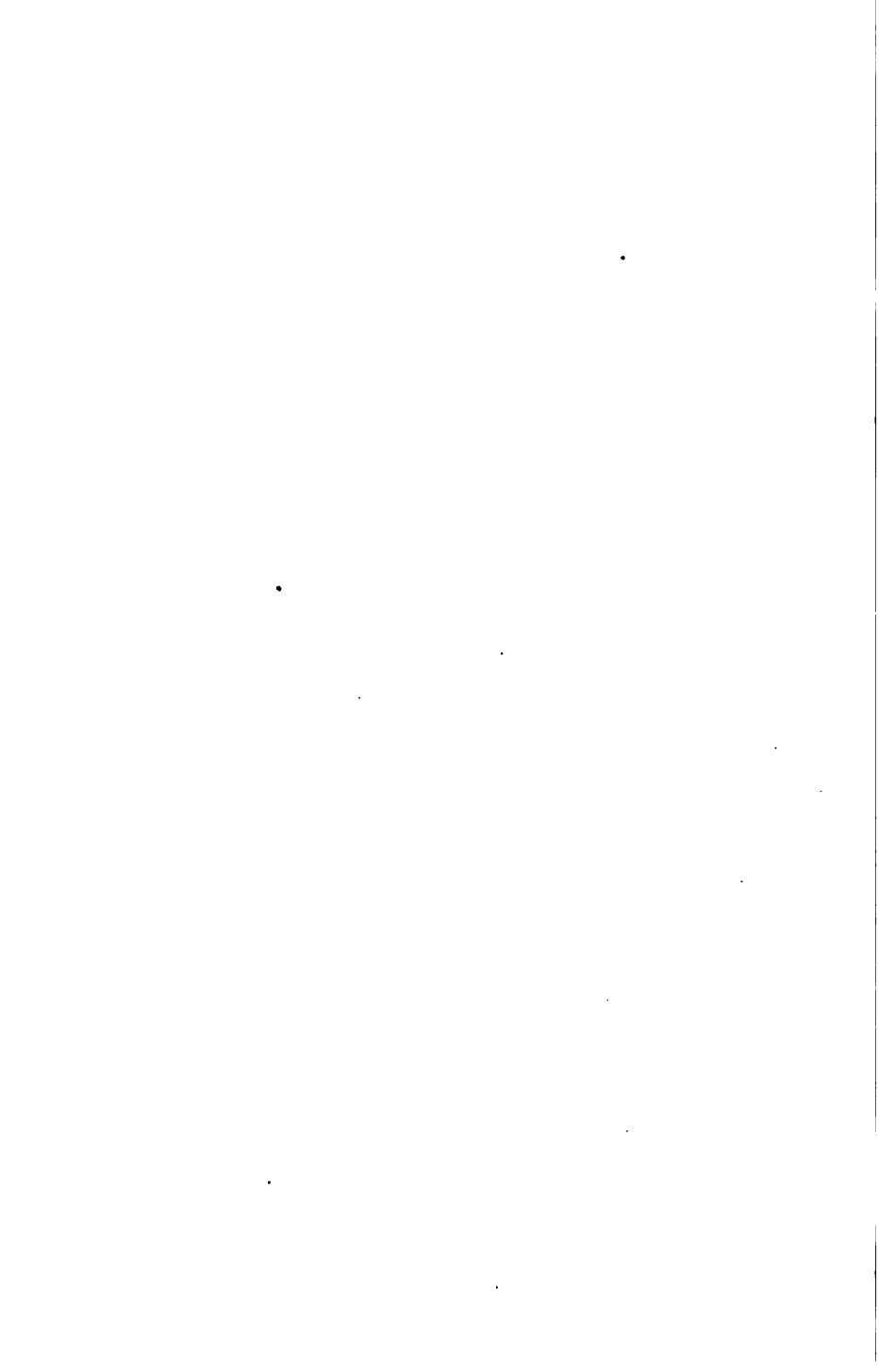
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TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

LORD ROSEBERRY, in his admirable and most interesting record of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, which he called "Napoleon: the Last Phase," speaks thus:

"The one capital and superior record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of General Gourgaud. It was written, in the main at least, for his own eye, without flattery or even prejudice. It is sometimes almost brutal in its realism. He alone of all the chroniclers strove to be accurate, and on the whole succeeded."

This journal, which consists of twelve hundred printed pages, was not published until 1898, and is too prolix for complete translation. We want to know all Gourgaud can tell us about Napoleon; we do not care to know what he notes down concerning his jealousies, his sulks, his ennui, his perpetual pity for himself. I have therefore extracted from the two volumes of the Journal (without the help of any satisfactory index), almost all that Napoleon said to Gourgaud in familiar chats, about his past life, and his speculations as to the future. I have omitted most of Napoleon's vituperations of Sir Hudson Lowe, and his complaints against the English government, also anecdotes of his *bonnes fortunes*, and his constantly recurring disputations with Gourgaud concerning that follower's mother's pension—a pension Napoleon was quite ready to give, and Gourgaud eager to receive, though he could not be prevailed upon to take it, on some point of honor.

It is hoped that this record of what Napoleon said, taken down by one whose truthfulness Napoleon himself vouched for, may be found interesting by many who might have been wearied by reading the larger part of this record, although it was kept by a man who loved his master devotedly, and who had been attached to his personal service since 1812.

Gaspard Gourgaud, son of a musician in the king's private orchestra at Versailles, was born November 14, 1783. His mother had formed part of the royal household, as nurse to the Duc de Berry, son of the Comte

d'Artois, and Gaspard was brought up as the playmate of the little prince, who was about four years older. He looked upon that prince almost as his foster-brother, and the friendship of the Duc de Berry never failed him—not even when he had become the aide-de-camp and devoted follower of the Emperor Napoleon. After the Restoration in 1815, when Gourgaud went into exile with Napoleon, his mother continued to receive from the Bourbons a small pension for her past services, and we see in every mention of the royal family of France in Gourgaud's Journal that great care has been taken to say nothing that could hurt their feelings.

On September 23, 1799, when Napoleon was First Consul, young Gourgaud was admitted to the *École Polytechnique*, whence two years later he entered the *École d'Artillerie* at Châlons. In 1802 he joined the army as second lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Foot Artillery then in camp at Boulogne, and two years later he became aide-de-camp to General Foucher. He distinguished himself at Ulm, at the capture of Vienna, at the Bridge of Thabor, and at Austerlitz, where he was wounded. He fought at Jena and at Friedland, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at Pultusk, was promoted the day after the affair at Ostrolenka, was then sent to Spain, and was present at the siege of Saragossa; returned to the army in the North, and was at Abensberg, Eckmühl, Ratisbon, and Wagram.

In 1811 he was sent on a mission to Dantzic, and in July of the same year was chosen by Napoleon to be one of his orderly officers (*officiers d'ordonnance*). Though wounded in the Battle of Smolensk, Gourgaud was the first to enter the Kremlin, where he destroyed the mine intended to blow up the Emperor, his staff, and the Imperial Guard.

For this he was made a Baron of the Empire. For his heroic conduct during the terrible retreat from Russia he was made *Chef d'Escadron* and was appointed First Orderly Officer.

At Dresden he received the Gold Star of the Legion of Honor, and on January 29, 1814, at Brienne, he killed with a pistol shot a Cossack who was about to thrust his lance through the Emperor. For this Napoleon gave him the sword that he had worn at Lodi, Montenotte, and

Rivoli. At Montmirail Gourgaud received another wound; he distinguished himself at Laon, was made a Colonel, and Commander of the Legion of Honor, after which he was the first to enter Rheims.

At Fleurus he was promoted to be a General and made aide-de-camp to the Emperor. At Waterloo he fired the last shots from the French cannon.

In 1814, however, when the Emperor had abdicated, and had been sent to Elba, Gourgaud, believing that the Restoration would bring peace and prosperity to France, returned to his former allegiance to the Bourbons. He was cordially received by the Duc de Berry, and made one of the royal household. He did not desert his post until the King had fled to Ghent, when the household had been virtually disbanded; and Gourgaud, desirous to serve his country in his chosen career, returned to his former master. He was, as we have seen, at Waterloo. He accompanied Napoleon after the battle in his flight to Paris, and was sent by him to Rochefort to see what prospects of escape to the United States might be found there.

Napoleon, while at Rochefort, endeavored to send Gourgaud to England, and intrusted him with what the French editors of the Journal call "the immortal letter" to the Prince Regent, reminding that personage of the hospitable reception accorded to Themistocles when he surrendered himself to his enemies. Had Napoleon had any knowledge of the English constitution or the English character, he never would have made to the Prince Regent an appeal of sentiment; but he and his admirers thought the allusion to Themistocles sublime.

At St. Helena Napoleon said, speaking of Gourgaud: "He was my First Orderly Officer. He is my work. He is my son."

Napoleon was sincerely attached to the young officer; his participation in all the great campaigns from 1804 to 1815, and his knowledge of the English language—supposed to have been much greater than it really was—made him useful in many ways to the Emperor. "But," says Lord Rosebery,

"At St. Helena Gourgaud was utterly out of place. On active service, on the field of battle, he would have been of the greatest service to his chief—a keen, intelligent, devoted officer;

but in the inaction of St. Helena, his energy, deprived of its natural outlets, turned in upon himself, on his nerves, and on his relations to others. He himself was in much the same position as the Emperor. The result was that he was never happy except when grumbling or quarrelling. To use Madame de Montholon's figure when speaking of Napoleon, 'His fire, for want of fuel, consumed himself and those around him.' But Napoleon had the command of what luxury and companionship there was at St. Helena; the others in the little colony had their wives and children; Gourgaud had nothing. . . . He was a brilliant young officer devoted to his master with an unreasonable, petulant jealousy, which made his devotion intolerable; and above all, he was perpetually bored—bored with the islands, bored with the confinement, bored with the isolation, bored with celibacy, bored with court life in a shanty, involving all the burdens without the splendor of a palace, bored with inaction, and bored with himself for being bored."

And yet we like him. There were times when he showed good sense, and his master might have done well to follow his advice in his relations with Sir Hudson Lowe. But what we are most grateful for is the new view we obtain from his Journal of the fallen Emperor. Lord Rosebery says:

"With his abnormal frankness he depicts himself as petulant, captious, and sulky to the last degree, while we see Napoleon gentle, patient, good-tempered, trying to soothe his lonely and morbid attendant with something like the tenderness of a parent for a wayward child. Once indeed he calls Gourgaud 'a child.' Gourgaud is furious. 'Me! a child! I shall soon be thirty-four! I have seen eighteen years of service. I have been in thirteen campaigns. I have received three wounds! And to be treated like this! Calling me a child is calling me a fool.' All this he poured forth on the Emperor in an angry torrent."

Yet the impression left on us by Gourgaud's own words, written in his own journal, for his own eye, is that he was not only a child, but a provokingly naughty one. We would love him were it not that we are keenly sensible how intolerable his constant loss of self-control must have been to the fallen and forsaken Emperor. Lord Rosebery says:

"The Napoleon who endured such scenes as Gourgaud relates is not the Napoleon of our preconceptions: *that* Napoleon would have ordered a subordinate who talked to him like this out of the room before he had finished a sentence. What does the real Napoleon do? Let us hear Gourgaud himself. After the

scene in which he resents having been called a child, he says: 'In short, I am very angry. The Emperor seeks to calm me. I remain silent. We pass into the dining-room. He speaks to me gently. "I know you have commanded troops and batteries, but you are after all very young." I only reply by gloomy silence.' The insulting charge of youth is more than Gourgaud can bear. This is our Gourgaud as we come to know him. But is this the Napoleon that we thought we knew? Not menacing or crushing his rebellious equerry, but trying to soothe, to assuage, to persuade."¹

Strange to say, in spite of Gourgaud's almost brutal devotion to truth, he was selected by Napoleon (who loved mystification, whose line of policy was habitually deceitful) to be his agent—in point of fact his ambassador—to the crowned heads of Europe, and to his own family; and in order to leave St. Helena without exciting suspicion that he had a mission, he was to throw dust in the eyes of Sir Hudson Lowe and in those of the foreign commissioners. Gourgaud lent himself to this deception as he would have lent himself to any plan that carried out the wishes of the Emperor.

Piontkowski, Las Cases, and Santini had by turns left St. Helena with instructions to communicate with Napoleon's friends and family, but little had resulted from their missions. They were not persons of sufficient weight to act as agents between the Emperor who had fallen, and other emperors and kings. But Gourgaud was a different man; he had been Napoleon's aide-de-camp, intrusted with his most private thoughts, and occasionally employed as his secretary. If he obtained leave to quit his post at St. Helena without good reason, all men would naturally suspect a secret mission. For two months before the date fixed for his departure, the way was being prepared by a series of bitter quarrels with Montholon, of whose personal relations with Napoleon Gourgaud was already jealous, and scenes took place which amounted to violent quarrels with the Emperor himself, duly reported to Sir Hudson Lowe by his staff of spies at Longwood. At last Gourgaud resolved to provoke a duel with Montholon, and asked advice concerning it from Sir Hudson

¹ I perhaps ought to apologize for such long extracts from the Chapter on Gourgaud in Lord Rosebery's book, "Napoleon: the Last Phase," but any one who knows the book will be glad to read these words over again, and any one of my readers who does not know it may thank me for the introduction.—*E. W. L.*

Lowe! Considerable correspondence on the subject passed through Sir Hudson's hands. No detail of the plot, or more properly of the little comedy, seems to have been omitted. As the Journal of Las Cases had been seized before his departure from Longwood, the same thing, it was thought, might happen to that of Gourgaud. This accounts for the bitterness and ill-temper that fill its latter pages. When Gourgaud, after he left Longwood, found himself for some weeks associating with English officers at Jamestown, with Sir Hudson Lowe, and with the foreign commissioners, no doubt his conversation was in the same strain. He even attempted to palm off on Sir Hudson Lowe some cock-and-bull stories about plans for projected escapes, such as carrying off the Emperor in a hogshead, etc., which fables Sir Hudson accepted with all belief, and reported to the Foreign Office, where Sir Walter Scott subsequently had access to them, and arrived at the conclusion that Gourgaud was a traitor.¹

Meantime, by help of some secret agent, Gourgaud kept up an almost daily correspondence with Longwood. Montholon writes to him, a few days after they had parted, to all appearance, enemies to the death:

"The Emperor thinks that you are overacting your part. He fears lest Sir Hudson should open his eyes. You know how astute he is. Therefore be always on your guard, and sail as soon as you can, without, however, seeming anxious to hurry your departure. Your position is a very difficult one.

"Do not forget that Stürmer² is devoted to Metternich. On every suitable occasion turn the conversation on the tender affection the Emperor feels for the Empress, but say little about the King of Rome. . . . Complain openly of the affair of the five hundred pounds, and write

¹ Nothing could equal the credulity of Sir Hudson Lowe when any plan for his captive's escape was suggested to him. Many years ago a captain in the navy who had been in command of one of the ships on guard at St. Helena visited often at my father's house. He would talk freely of Sir Hudson Lowe, and of his annoying and absurd precautions. His ship was sent to guard the rocky islet of Tristan d'Acunha, lest any ship having the imperial captive on board should touch at that island, which lies on the route to nowhere, and is a long distance from St. Helena. The island had no harbor, and the English warship was saved with much difficulty in a great storm from which she had no refuge. It was with anything but blessings our friend would comment on the peculiarities and vexatious precautions of Sir Hudson Lowe.—*E. W. L.*

² Stürmer was the Austrian commissioner; Montchenu the commissioner of Louis XVIII.

an aggrieved letter about it to Bertrand. Fear nothing from him. He knows nothing of your mission.¹ Your yesterday's report reached me safely. It greatly interested his Majesty. Montchenu is an old *émigré*, a man of honor. You must make him talk; that is all. Any time you go into Jamestown give a report to No. 53. It is most certainly our safest way."

On March 14, 1818, Gourgaud embarked on board an Indiaman going home to England. On the authorities at Jamestown he had made so favorable an impression that he was spared the voyage to the Cape, which he had looked forward to with dread. Sir Hudson Lowe supplied him with funds in lieu of the fictitious five hundred pounds about which he made so much disturbance, and also gave him letters to Cabinet ministers in England, speaking of him in the highest terms. Montchenu, the French commissioner, wrote to his government, and to his friend the Marquis d'Osmond, French Ambassador in London, saying to the latter: "You will doubtless be glad to converse with an intelligent officer, who for more than ten years has been attached to the personal service of Bonaparte. You will see, too, that things are not so bad with him at St. Helena as he and his subordinates would have us believe."

On reaching London early in May, 1818, one of Gourgaud's first visits was to the Marquis d'Osmond. The Marquis advised him to hold no relations with the leaders of the Liberal party in England; that is, with Lord Holland, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Wilson, or Lord Brougham—all of them admirers of Napoleon, who compassionated his fate. Men who held clerkships under Lord Castlereagh's government, and all foreign ambassadors, tried to make Gourgaud talk, and if possible obtain from him something unfavorable to his master, but as this could no

¹ This matter of the £500 proves that Gourgaud did not hesitate to accept an odious part when it might lead to what was earnestly desired by the Emperor. He was apparently to dun Napoleon for an indemnity due on his departure, and he was to do it with acrimony and ingratitude, laying aside all delicacy; and this was to keep up appearances. We see in this also that Gourgaud was sacrificing himself that he might blindly obey the instructions of his imperial master. The commissioners, who of course did not know this, sought in vain for some explanation of his conduct, and came to the conclusion that it was altogether unworthy of a man of his character and position. Stürmer so speaks of it.—*French Editor.*

longer serve Napoleon's purposes, his faithful agent disappointed them.

Soon Castlereagh's spies reported that Gourgaud was holding relations with Bonapartists, that is, visiting leaders of the Liberal party, against whom the Marquis d'Osmond had taken care to warn him; on November 14, 1818, he was arrested, his papers were seized, and he was sent to Cuxhaven. Thence he went to Hamburg, and had some scheme of going to Russia, where he hoped to be well received by the Emperor Alexander. Instead of this, however, he went to Austria, where French and English agents in vain endeavored to persuade him to go to the United States.

Gourgaud's main pretext for leaving St. Helena was the state of his health, broken down, he said, by the deadly climate that was undermining that of his master. Napoleon was anxious that Gourgaud should be credited with liver complaint, from which he persisted he himself was slowly dying. He never suspected hereditary cancer of the stomach, neither did Dr. O'Meara, nor the surgeon of the "Conqueror," nor subsequently Antommarchi, his Corsican physician.

Gourgaud fought a duel with the Comte de Ségur after the publication of his most interesting book on the retreat from Russia. He also wanted to fight Sir Walter Scott, but had no opportunity to send his challenge.

Early in 1821 he received permission to return to France, and soon after being reunited to his mother, to whom he was always a devoted son, he received news of the death of the Emperor. He at once headed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, imploring it to take some steps to reclaim the body of the Emperor, and bury it in the soil of France, so that no foreigner might say, pointing insolently to the spot: "*Vôti l' Empercur des Français.*"

In the next year, 1822, Gourgaud married the daughter of Comte Roederer, with whom there had been some question of marriage before he went to St. Helena. His son, Baron Napoleon Gourgaud, has permitted the publication of his father's journal.

After the fall of the Bourbons in 1830, Gourgaud was made Commander of the Artillery in Paris and Vincennes. In 1832 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Louis Philippe,

and received other military honors. When the young Duke of Orleans was married, Gourgaud and the Duc de Broglie were deputed to escort the young princess H  l  ne from the frontier of France to Fontainebleau.

In July, 1840, having negotiated together with Bertrand the restoration to France of arms formerly belonging to Napoleon, Gourgaud and Bertrand placed them among the treasures of the crown.

When Napoleon's will was published, some surprise was expressed that no mention of any legacy to Gourgaud appeared therein. Napoleon had carefully avoided naming him in that document, for he knew that Gourgaud was then trying to get back to France, and he thought that any public testimony of affection and appreciation upon his part might embarrass him. But in a secret will (or rather, testamentary expression of his secret wishes) Gourgaud was given one hundred and fifty thousand francs "in recognition of his devotion and of the services he rendered me for ten years as my First Orderly Officer and aide-de-camp on fields of battle in Germany, Russia, Spain, and France, and on the rock of St. Helena."

Gourgaud was one of those who in 1840 accompanied the expedition of the "Belle Poule" to St. Helena to bring back to France the remains of Napoleon. "Only those who loved the Emperor as I did," he says, "can comprehend what passed through my heart when Dr. Guillard allowed us to see, through streaming tears, the mortal remains of our hero."

When the body, on its catafalque, passed into Paris beneath the Arch of Triumph, with shouts from some hundred thousand voices of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"¹ it was Gourgaud, who on its arrival at the Invalides, laid the sword of Austerlitz upon the coffin. Bertrand was joined with him in that sacred mission, but Montholon lay in prison at Ham, with the prince who ten years later was to be the third Emperor Napoleon. In vain Gourgaud had attempted to induce the Government of Louis

¹ I saw that funeral procession in December, 1840, and joined with all my heart in the enthusiasm. It was a day so bitter that it was said that three hundred English died of colds caught on the occasion. A day or two later I was nearly crushed to death, when, in company with my father, I struggled to get into the Chapelle Ardente, and stand inside the railing which separated spectators from Napoleon's coffin. I wrote an account of this funeral in "France in the Nineteenth Century," though I believe I did not speak in the first person.—E. W. L.

Philippe to pardon, if only for that supreme occasion, the man he had once hated so jealously, and had pretended to defy to mortal combat, but with whom he carried on for two years and a half a familiar clandestine correspondence, and whom he had received as a dear friend and comrade, when, after the Emperor's death, Montholon returned from exile. They had even collaborated in a book, "*Mémoires pour Servir à l'Histoire de France Sous Napoléon*," which appeared in eight volumes in 1823.

In 1841 Gourgaud was intrusted with the armament of the new fortifications of Paris, doomed to be destroyed, we are told, in the present year.

After the fall of Louis Philippe, February 7, 1848, Gourgaud was made Colonel of the First Legion of the National Guard, and did good service under Cavaignac in the days of June. He was then sent to the Legislative Assembly from one of the departments.

He died July 25, 1852, having lived just about long enough to see another Napoleon established on the throne of France as Emperor.

Here are the instructions given by Napoleon to Gourgaud at the moment of his departure as a secret agent from St. Helena:

"As soon as he shall have reached Europe, he will write five or six letters, seven or eight days apart, to Joseph at Philadelphia, addressed to M—, merchant, or to the care of M. Nego or Neyon. He will alternate these letters. He will tell him the true position in which we are, without making it better or worse than it is. He will send him copies of all the papers, declarations, or letters of M—, and will tell him in each letter that it is important to learn from American newspapers how he is. If he¹ foresees that he will have to remain long at the Cape,² and if he is free, he must write to Cardinal Fesch under cover to Torlonia, banker at Rome. He will also write to him when he reaches Europe. It would be well, too, that he should write to Lucien at Rome; and to the Empress, Duchess of Parma. If he land in Italy he would do well to go at once to Rome, where Fesch and Lucien will give him advice as to how he may visit the family of His

¹ Gourgaud.

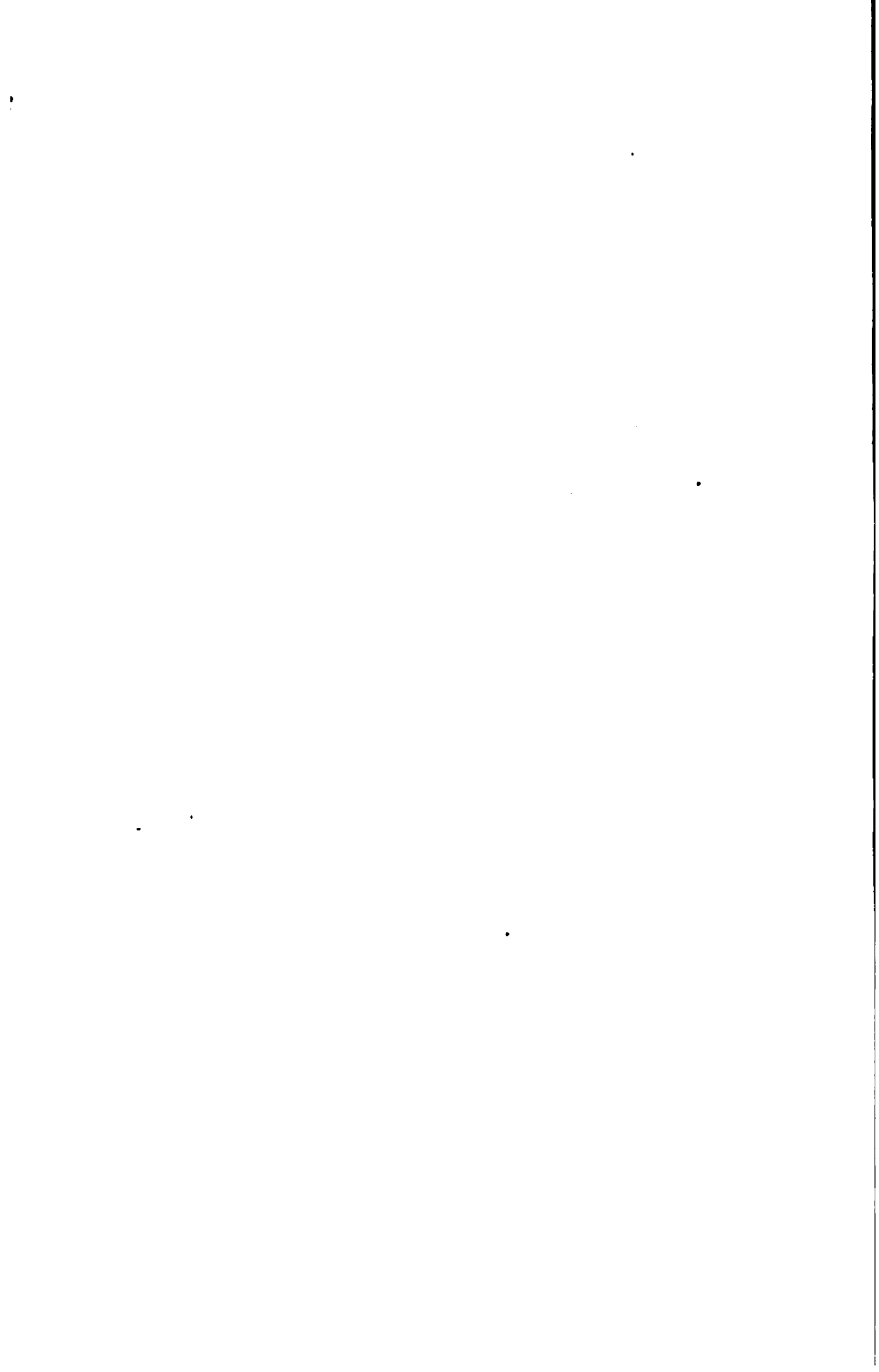
² All others who had quitted Longwood were sent first to Capetown, thence to England.

Majesty. He might also carry a little letter relative to Madame Gu. . . . Bertrand might write a few words to Eugene on the subject of our interests. These little notes could be placed in the soles of his shoes. He will put them into the proper hands. From the Cape he might write to Eugene and Fesch and ask them to send us some of the latest books. He will carry some of my hair to the Empress."

And when Gourgaud, in December, 1840, more than twenty years after his departure from St. Helena, once more beheld its rocky shore, he thus speaks of the mission confided to him by his master, and of the promise he gave Napoleon when they parted:

"This time it is not with despair in my heart that I am going to land. I am here to fulfill a pious, a national duty; I am here to keep my parting promise to the Emperor, which was that I would accomplish his deliverance from his prison."¹

¹ When Gourgaud, Bertrand, and the rest reached St. Helena they were shocked to see to what a deplorable condition want of care had reduced Longwood. In my "Last Years of the Nineteenth Century" I have given a far different account of what it is now, as seen a year or so since by an English lady. The place has been purchased by the French government, and placed in charge of a Frenchman who resides there.—*E. W. L.*



TALKS OF NAPOLEON

AT

ST. HELENA

JOURNAL OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD FROM THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, JUNE 19, 1815, TO THE ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA, OCTOBER 15, 1815.

June 19, 1815. The Emperor reached Charleroy at 7 o'clock in the morning, passed through the town, and crossed the Sambre. He passed some time in the meadow which lies to the right after crossing the bridge. There he tried to rally a small body of cavalry, carbineers, etc. It was a vain effort! The men who fell into the ranks on one side slipped out at the other. . . . His Majesty ate something. His servants rejoined me with those of Lariboisière; my horse being exhausted, I took one of his.

The Emperor told me to give orders to four companies of *pontoniers* who were near, equipped for bridge-building, to abandon their drays and their boats, and to fall back with the horses and soldiers of their party on Avesnes. I also hastened the departure of a number of peasants' carts, loaded with wine, bread, etc. They contained a considerable quantity of provisions, while in the army we were dying of hunger. His Majesty, who was greatly fatigued, demanded a calèche. We told him the roads were encumbered with vehicles, and that in a carriage he could not escape from the light horse of the enemy, which every moment we expected to appear. He then remounted on horseback, and for a short time we took the

road to Avesnes; but after being informed that there were partisans of the enemy at Beaumont, the Emperor decided to go toward Philippeville. After a time we met some of our men in flight, who tried to obstruct our passage. His Majesty hesitated for a moment, but seeing no enemy, decided we must go on; we therefore resumed our route. With Saint-Yon, Regnault, Amillet, and Montesquiou, I formed a little band, which preceded him. A little farther on I met about twenty Red Lancers at full gallop. I told them there was no cause for their terror, and I made them join us and go on. At last, overcome by weariness, His Majesty reached Philippeville almost alone, having with him only Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Flahaut, Gourgaud, Labédoyère, Amillet, and two or three other orderly officers. The Emperor dismounted at a tavern on the *Place*, and sent for the officer in command of the town. . . . We got something to eat, and I was told that His Majesty was about at once to post to Paris. He borrowed the carriage of General Dupuy, who was in command at Philippeville, and two other light vehicles were prepared. At this moment the Duc de Bassano joined us. I asked Bertrand if I was to travel in one of these *carrioles*. He said I was to follow on horseback. I replied that my horse was foundered, and offered to go on the box of one of the *carrioles*. He assured me that would be impossible. . . . We argued the matter. Meanwhile His Majesty having drawn up the list of those who were to go with him, named me. We set off with post horses; as we were passing through Rocroy, a town at a little distance, at the village of —, we overtook the Emperor's carriage. We supped there, and they made us pay for the supper three hundred francs. We consulted as to what road we had better take, and decided that for fear of not being able to get fresh horses, we would take the high road to Mézières, along which we were not recognized until we reached Rheims.

June 20. From Rheims we went on to Berry-au-Bac, where we breakfasted. We held a consultation, Drouot, Flahaut, Labédoyère, Dejean, etc. (Soult had remained at Philippeville). We all agreed that His Majesty ought, as soon as we reached Paris, to go booted and travel-stained to the Chamber of Deputies, give an account of the disaster, ask aid, and returning to Belgium, put himself at the head of Grouchy's army, collect what scattered corps he could, and then propose to lay aside his crown, if that should be made a condition of peace. We next paused at Laon, where we were received with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All the peasants in the neighborhood offered to defend this position. His Majesty changed his carriage. He sent Flahaut to Avesnes, and Dejean to Guise. Bassy stayed at Laon, and at last the rest of us set out for Paris, which His Majesty reached about ten o'clock, incognito, for he had not been willing to make use of the Court carriages that Caulaincourt, warned of his arrival by a courier, had sent to meet him beyond the barrier. The Emperor, as soon as he arrived, sent for his ministers, and took a bath.

As for me, I hurried to see my mother and my sister; M. Dumas took me in his cabriolet. They had not heard of our disasters, and to avoid any questions, I ordered that no one should enter our door.

June 22. The Emperor—worried by all the men around him who were afraid and who persisted in believing that without Napoleon they themselves might make peace; beset, I say, by these people, and utterly cast down by his great misfortune—decided to abdicate and to go to the United States of America. His Majesty proposed to me to go with him, an offer I accepted immediately.

June 23. Saint-Yon, Saint-Jacques, Planat, Résigny, Autric, and Chiappe, all orderly officers, asked me to see if they, too, might not accompany his Majesty, wherever he might retire. I did all I could to dissuade them, tell-

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ing them that His Majesty would wish to live like a private gentleman, that he would have no need of them, and that they would only be poor, expatriated, and of no use to Napoleon. That my case was different, that the Emperor had long known me, whilst of them he knew hardly more than their names. But all wished to go, and I spoke of the matter to His Majesty.

June 24. Their request was granted. The *Élysée* then presented a very different spectacle from what it had done two weeks before. No callers, no carriages; . . . officers of the citizen soldiery called *Fédérés*, met in the neighboring streets, and shouted wildly, "*Vive l'Empereur!* We will not forsake him!" . . . But the Cabinet ministers represented to His Majesty that his presence in Paris paralyzed their orders, and that in spite of his abdication he was reigning still. At last the Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded, and resolved to leave Paris the next day (the 25th) for Malmaison, in order to wait there for passports, which had been drawn up authorizing him to go to the United States. I went to say good-bye to my mother and sister, to Lariboisière, and to Dalton. I embraced Fain and my colleagues in the Cabinet. Bertrand gave me my papers.

June 25. At half-past twelve his Majesty quitted the Palace of the *Élysée*. A great number of the inhabitants of Paris came to the gates, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" His Majesty, too much moved to receive their farewells, made his imperial carriage, with six horses and an escort, leave by the Rue Saint-Honoré, whilst a carriage with two horses belonging to Bertrand the Grand Marshal, came to the back of the Palace through the garden. The Grand Marshal and the Emperor got into it, and left by way of the *Champs Élysée*. It was not until they had passed the *Barrière de Chaillot* that the Emperor alighted from the Grand Marshal's carriage and got into his own.

I was in the second carriage with six horses with Montholon, Montaran, and Las Cases; Mesgrigny rode on horseback beside the imperial coach.

At half-past one we reached Malmaison, where the Princess Hortense was awaiting us. His Majesty walked some time with Rovigo¹ who had just come from Paris with orders from the Provisional Government, to take command of the Guard, which consisted of about three hundred men of the Old Guard and forty dragoons. His Majesty walked a long time with the General, who did all he could not to make his mission disagreeable to the Emperor.

When His Majesty re-entered the château, he was astonished to find so few people there, and said to me, "*Eh bien!* I do not see any other of my former aides-de-camp." I answered that many people who surround us in prosperity desert us in adversity. About dusk, six orderly officers came from Paris to join the Emperor, who went to bed at eleven o'clock. The same evening Generals Piré and Chartran came too, but it was only to ask for money.

June 26. I started for Paris in a *coucou* [a sort of open cab] with Montholon, to arrange my own affairs, and to say a last farewell to my relations. I went to the Ministry to ask for a duplicate copy of my nomination on June 9th. I saw Marchand, who attends to such things, César La Ville, Carion, and Vital. All said: "Urge His Majesty to go at once." Carion added: "His Majesty has done me much wrong, but assure him that I am entirely devoted to him, as well as to my country." I got back to Malmaison at seven in the evening. I found there the Duc de Bassano, the Duchesse de Vicence, and Madame Duchâtel, who were with His Majesty. Madame Regnault had also come to say that there was a conspiracy on foot against the Emperor, and that Fouché was at the head of the plot. Madame Walewska had also hastened thither.

¹ Savary, Duc de Rovigo, Ex-Prefect of Police.

Generals Piré and Chartran had come back to insist on the settlement of their business, and had obtained a note which entitled them to draw some money. During the night Decrès, the minister, came to speak with His Majesty.

June 27. There were more visitors. Flahaut, Labédoyère, Bassano, and Joseph came, as well as Decrès. The day passed in conversation. Nothing was decided on. Piré and Chartran came back very angry from Paris, the first because he had received only twelve thousand francs, the second only six thousand.

June 28. A report of the near approach of the enemy caused me to make, in company with Montholon, a complete survey of Malmaison. We settled on what spot we would station our little troop. We were all resolved that the capture of the château should cost the partisans of the enemy who might attack it, dear. The Emperor ordered me to send out scouting parties of three dragoons each, in the direction of Gonesse and Saint-Germain. Becker received orders from Davout to have the bridge at Chatou destroyed. I went with him; we made the necessary arrangements. The bridge burned all night. During the day we had heard some firing in the direction of Saint-Denis. Madame Caffarelli had returned from Paris. When every one is deserting His Majesty she clings to him. She is a good woman. I am very fond of her.

June 29. Bernard gave me his reasons for not wishing to go; he thinks they apply to me. Batri, the secretary, receives a pension of fifteen hundred francs, but he says he will not go. Fain, who has always shown much friendship for me, gave me the same advice; so did Drouot. I do not know what has become of Fleury. Lariboisière has been faithful up to the last moment. Our uncertainty continues. Our passports for the United States have not come. M. de Lavalette has come from Paris. He tells me that he is glad for the Emperor's sake that I am to accompany him. The enemy is draw-

ing near. His Majesty sends Becker to Paris to ask the Provisional Government if he cannot put himself at the head of the troops assembled around Paris, and crush the Prussian corps, which, knowing his deposition, is boldly advancing. The Emperor offers to give his word of honor that as soon as this is over he will leave France and carry out his first design of going to America. The Provisional Government, which was of no importance as long as His Majesty remained at Malmaison, is very far from wishing to see him at the head of the forces. It refused his offer, thus sacrificing to its private ends the interests of the country, and preferring to see Paris pillaged by its enemies, rather than delivered by Napoleon. Becker having come back at a quarter to five, His Majesty decided to leave for Rochefort. In the morning, Résigny went to the police to get the passports. There was one among them for Labédoyère, who wanted to come, but was dissuaded by his friend Flahaut. The Minister of Marine had sent orders to Rochefort that two French frigates should be there ready to put to sea; these were placed at the orders of the Emperor.

He left at five o'clock in a common yellow calèche, with Bertrand, Becker, and Rovigo. He wore a coat of maroon cloth. The calèche drove out by the little gate of the park; His Majesty got into it in the little court to the left, on leaving the palace. The road he proposed to take led through Rambouillet, Vendôme, Châteaudun, Poitiers, Tours, Niort, and so on. I got into the *voiture coupé*. They gave me in charge a hundred thousand francs in gold. I took pistols from the stores of His Majesty, and divided the weapons among those in the carriages. I could have fired sixteen shots. Montaran gave me a repeating rifle in exchange for the English horse I had captured at Waterloo. Bertrand told us all before starting to be sure that we had rifles. He had a sharp quarrel with Ferdinand, the chief cook, who did not

choose to go, because he said he had never been paid what he was promised when he went to Elba. My carriage, and that of the *valets de chambre* took the same road as the carriages of the Emperor. The others went by way of Orleans, Limoges, and Saintes.

Before my departure, a man named Stupinski came and bothered me to take his wife in my carriage; I refused, though she was very pretty; but it did not seem proper in the situation in which we found ourselves. However, the Pole, by applying afterwards to the Grand Marshal, succeeded in obtaining permission not only for his wife, but for himself to travel in my coupé. It was at the moment when the carriages were to start, and I had to permit it. The persons who went by the other road were Montholon, Résigny, Planat, Autric, Las Cases, and Chiappe; and in a second line on the same route, came Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon. I made François, my servant, go with this carriage.

Monsieur Saint-Yon, who was bubbling over with ardor as long as His Majesty might have been of use to him, deserted him as soon as our departure was decided on. He had been to Paris with Autric. The Provisional Government had declared that those of us who remained in France would retain their grades and their positions. He quitted Autric at the barrier when they were returning to Malmaison, under pretext that they would not let him pass. I had advised him not to come, but he would not then listen to me.

Princess Hortense returned to Paris, and the same day I bade Madame Caffarelli farewell. When shall I see again that charming woman?

June 30. The Emperor, who travelled under the name of General Becker, reached Rambouillet. When my carriage approached the palace, a servant stopped it and told me that His Majesty wanted me, that the other carriage was to go on to the post-house, and that Mar-

chand also was wanted at the palace. I went to the château, where I found His Majesty very impatient to get news from Paris, which he was quitting with great regret. I found there Becker, Rovigo, and Bertrand. . . . They gave us supper with His Majesty, who being greatly fatigued, lay in bed till eight o'clock the next morning. I related my journey with Stupinski, and spoke of the impropriety of taking a woman along with me, especially one dressed in man's clothes. The Emperor, on being consulted, decided that she and her husband need go no farther. Bertrand commissioned me to tell them this bad news, but I refused. Then he gave me a note for the Pole, telling me to hand him one or two napoleons.

I picked out in the library a number of books, which, after the departure of His Majesty, I put into my carriage. Then I gave Stupinski the note Bertrand had left for him. He was furious. When he became more calm I offered him an indemnity if he would go back to Paris. He refused me flatly. So I sent him to the devil. Hardly had I left the house before he stopped my carriage and asked me if I would please give him some small sum. I handed him one hundred francs.

July 1. His Majesty passed through Chateau-Renaud, where he was recognized by the innkeeper at the inn where we dined. At Vendôme the inhabitants did not seem to me well disposed. When the carriage that followed mine passed, some of them shouted, "*Vive le Roi!*" The Post Mistress, Madame Imbault, also recognized the Emperor, and showed me much kindness because of my attachment to His Majesty. She told me that she had lodged the Empress, and she thought that "the poor man" (thus she called the Emperor) was to be exiled to Valençay. I found she had a letter addressed to Montmorency, and I wrote upon its back: "Your old comrade Gourgaud says good-bye to Raoul de Montmorency." I reached Tours at half-past four o'clock in the morning.

His Majesty dined at Poitiers; from there he sent a courier to Rochefort; he reached Niort at eight o'clock in the evening, and received news that Rochefort was blockaded by the English. When I passed through Saint-Maixent in the evening, people crowded round my carriage; we took supper while waiting for fresh horses. The mayor came with a party of armed men to examine our passports, and settled all difficulties on that subject. The horses being ready, I got back into my carriage, saying that if any one tried to stop me on my way I should defend myself as I would against a highwayman. At last we got off.

July 2. I reached Niort at three o'clock in the morning. Two officers of *gendarmerie*, General Saulnier, and Colonel Bourgeois, came to the post-house in the faubourg, where a gendarme had arrested me. They recognized me, and conducted me, secretly, to the Grand Cerf tavern, where I heard that His Majesty was at the hotel of the Boule d'Or. I went to see if he was sad. The Prefect, Monsieur Busche, asked an audience. He was received. The Emperor is undecided what to do. Monsieur Kerkadin, who commands all that is to be done in the port at Rochefort, arrived, and was admitted to the Emperor immediately. He says that there are two French frigates ready to sail, but that the roadstead of the Île d'Aix is blockaded. We send word to Paris. His Majesty takes up his quarters at the Prefect's house. I tell the Emperor that his brother Joseph has arrived. The officers of the Second Regiment of Hussars pay him a visit in a body. They offer to join him, beseeching him to put himself at the head of the army, and offering to march on Paris with him. His Majesty refuses. They are much cast down.

At half-past six His Majesty dines with the Prefect, Madame Bertrand, who has just arrived, Rovigo, Beker, Joseph, and Bertrand. A crowd surrounds the Prefect-

ure, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" After dinner a sort of council is held. The general opinion is that the Emperor should return to Orleans, where he will find the army. Lallemand, senior, arrives from Paris. At nine in the evening his Majesty dictates instructions to me, and sends me to Rochefort, that we may see what chances there are that we may be able to get away; also to see if the road by Maumusson is free, and also if we might not make use of an American ship about to sail, and go on board of her at sea, five or six leagues from land, by means of a good large sailing boat. His Majesty told me to make the journey in a carriage as before. Along the road there were pickets of twenty horsemen stationed at regular distances; they took me for His Majesty and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

JOURNAL FROM ARRIVAL AT ROCHEFORT TO EMBARKATION.

July 3, 1815. I reached Rochefort at six o'clock in the morning. I alighted at the Hôtel du Pacha and went at once to see M. de Bonnefoux, the Prefect Maritime, to whom I communicated my instructions.

The Emperor arrived at eight o'clock, and alighted at the Prefecture, where he found me with the Prefect. All the baggage was got together as rapidly as possible. I am to do duty as aide-de-camp to the Emperor. At one o'clock came Las Cases and Madame de Montholon, who had been stopped at Saintes and had run some risk there. My servant François, too, rejoined me.

July 4, 1815. I informed His Majesty at four o'clock in the morning that these carriages had come in. I breakfasted with the Emperor. Planat,¹ Autric,² and Sainte-

¹ Planat was an orderly officer on the staff of the Emperor, who wished to take him to St. Helena. Gourgaud was jealous of him. After the departure of the Emperor, Planat, Résigny, General Lallemand, and Savary Duc de Rovigo were sent to Malta, where they remained some time as prisoners. After Napoleon's death Planat entered the service of Prince Eugene.

² Autric, another orderly officer.

Catherine,¹ who had remained behind, rejoined us. We could see in the offing two or three frigates, and several other ships.

July 5. Arrival of Prince Joseph. All the baggage is put aboard the "Saale" and the "Méduse."² The Emperor consulted me concerning the organization of his household, and told me that Montholon and myself should be his aides-de-camp. He made me make a note of this organization. He asked me if I knew Monsieur de Las Cases, and what he might be useful for. His Majesty thought of making him his treasurer. I said that he would do well at the head of the Cabinet; that he was a man of much information, who might replace Monsieur de Bassano.

July 6. The same cruiser is in sight. I went to the port with Madame Bertrand. There is talk of my being sent to visit the "Bayadère," a corvette in the river Gironde.

July 7. Newspapers are received from Paris, which announce the speedy entrance of the English into the capital. Much apprehension. I reinforce the guard. I sleep at the palace.³ M. de Las Cases insists that Napoleon will reign again, and that the Bourbons will not be received in France.

July 8. At six o'clock in the morning, His Majesty

¹ Sainte-Catherine, a relative of the Empress Josephine, and a page to the Emperor.

² Ponée, who commanded the French frigate "Méduse," offered to fight the "Bellerophon" single-handed, while the "Saale" (Captain Philibert) should pass out. But Philibert refused to play the glorious part assigned him. Then two young naval officers belonging to the brig "Épervier," and the corvette "Vulcain," offered to form the crew of the little sail-boat which should convey Napoleon to the United States. One was Lieutenant Genty, the other Ensign Doret. Both were scratched off the navy list in consequence. Doret was restored in 1830. He was made captain of a corvette, and was on board the "Oreste" at St. Helena when the expedition of the "Belle Poule" took place in 1840. There was also at the Île d'Aix a Danish brig, the "Magdeleine," which belonged to F. F. Frühl d'Oppendorff, and was commanded by his son-in-law, a young lieutenant, a Frenchman named Besson. He put the brig at the service of the Emperor. There was also the French corvette "La Bayadère" stationed in the Gironde. She was commanded by the brave Captain Baudin, son of a member of the Convention, who afterwards became an admiral.

³ That is, at the Prefecture Maritime. In all the cities where Napoleon stopped during his journey, the place where he slept at once took the name of Palais Impérial.

sent me to the frigates in the roads. I consulted Captains Philibert and Ponée. They again assured me that in the daytime the wind came from the sea, and at night from the land, but that the change was not felt three leagues from shore; that the English had several vessels in the Gulf, and had stationed cruisers from Les Sables to the Gironde; in short, that there is very little hope we can get out to sea. I went back to Rochefort, which I reached at three o'clock in the afternoon. I found every face full of anxiety. Everybody, except the Emperor, was in the greatest alarm. Rovigo told me that His Majesty was going to embark at Fouras, in spite of the wind and the surf, and that I must not dissuade him. Nevertheless, I told the Emperor the truth. At four P. M., we set out. His Majesty was in the carriage of the Prefect. We embarked at Fouras in a boat belonging to the port—the Emperor, Beker,¹ Lallemand, Bertrand, Rovigo, and I—with more than ten rowers. Ten minutes after five of that day, Napoleon quitted France, amid the acclamations and regrets of all the people assembled on the shore. The sea was very rough. We ran in considerable danger. A few minutes after seven, His Majesty boarded the “Saale,” and received the honors due his rank, omitting a salute, which I had told them they had better not fire. His Majesty saw the officers, and talked with Captain Philibert. We had supper. His Majesty made me come into his state-room, and asked my advice. Then he lay down on his bed, but made me stay there some time.

July 9. At one in the morning the wind changed to the north, and blew a gale till three o'clock. Then it grew calm, and the Emperor called for me at four o'clock. I told him about the wind. The “Épervier” cast anchor

¹ On June 25, 1815, by order of the Minister of War, acting under the Provisional Government, Beker was charged to keep watch over the Emperor. On June 26 Beker arrived at Malmaison. June 27 an order from the Provisional Government commanded him to hasten the departure of Napoleon.

in the roads at six o'clock. His Majesty went ashore on the Île d'Aix, inspected the batteries and the fortifications. The inhabitants of the island followed him, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then he came back on board. At nine o'clock came the Prefect Maritime with papers. He held a consultation with Bertrand and Beker. We soon learned that the Provisional Government insisted that the Emperor must leave in twenty-four hours, either in a despatch boat, or with the two frigates, or with a flag of truce. At eleven o'clock we had breakfast. Everybody was sad and discouraged. His Majesty secluded himself. Opinion was divided. Some wanted the Emperor to go on board the "*Bayadère*," which lay off Bordeaux, or to embark at once on an American ship at anchor in the river, whilst the two frigates should go out to sea and draw off the attention of the English cruiser. Others advised that he should go in a very small boat, of the kind called *mouches*, which was at hand. Others thought the Emperor had better make a stand on the Île d'Aix, or go and join Clausel at Bordeaux. At last, in the evening, it was decided to send Las Cases and Rovigo to the English, to find out their opinion, to ask if our passports had arrived, and if we could depart. Las Cases, who spoke English well, was to make it supposed that he did not understand it, so that he might better find out the opinion of the people round him.

July 10. Return of Las Cases. The "*Bellerophon*" followed him with her sails set. We thought she was going to attack us; but no! she came to anchor nearer to us. She was sure that the Emperor was on board the "*Saale*."

July 11. Arrival of newspapers announcing that the King had entered Paris. The Emperor sends General Lallemand aboard the "*Bayadère*" in the Gironde.

July 12. During the night we send off all the baggage to the Île d'Aix. Everybody on board is very sad. At a quarter-past ten, His Majesty leaves in a boat for

the Île d'Aix, accompanied by General Beker, Bertrand, Planat, and myself. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" uttered with all the energy of despair, rose from the "Saale" and the "Méduse." All else was deep silence. The Emperor was received with the same acclamations on his arrival in the island. He took up his quarters in the house of the general who was in command, but who at that time was absent. The English vessel, the "Bellérophon," came on with all sails set. She fired a salute; we thought it was in honor of the entrance of the allies into Paris. His Majesty asked me what I thought: had he better put to sea in a lugger (*chasse-martée*) or go on board the Danish brig which was at anchor near the island, or give himself up to the English? I answered that I dared not offer him my opinion, seeing that there were so many risks in each of these directions. But His Majesty pressed me, and I answered that I thought his best course would be to give himself up to the English nation,¹ among whom he had many admirers, rather than run the risk of leaving home on board a *chasse-martée*. It is probable such a boat would have been captured, and then his situation would have been far worse. The Emperor would have been confined in the Tower of London. Perhaps it would have been better to try to force a passage with the two frigates, or to reach the "Bayadère." Rovigo was inclined to try the *chasse-martée*. We made all preparations for leaving that night. Rovigo returned on board the "Saale."

July 13. During the night there was an alarm on board the frigates. Small English sail-boats fired shots.

¹ The advice of Gourgaud corresponded, as the event proved, with the secret feeling of the Emperor. Concerning Napoleon's admiration of the English, see an old document published in the "Carnet Historique et Littéraire" (March 13, 1808); "Une Soirée à Sainte-Hélène" (March 10, 1810), from notes taken by Montholon. "The English," said Napoleon, "are veritably people of a stamp superior to ours. . . . If I had had an army of Englishmen I might have conquered the world; I could have gone all over it, and my men would not have been demoralized. If I had been the man of England's choice, as I was that of France in 1815, I might have lost ten battles of Waterloo without losing one vote in the Legislature, one soldier from my ranks. I should have ended by winning the game."—*French Editor*.

His Majesty sent me to the lookout to see what it was about. They told me that there were two English frigates at anchor in the river near Bordeaux, one at Maumusson, and a ship and a frigate in the Basque Roads. At eight o'clock Savary, the Duc de Rovigo, arrived. He brought word that the officers who were to have formed the crew of the *chasse-martée* were beginning to lose heart. They said it would be very difficult to pass out if the English had their boats on the watch. His Majesty asked me my opinion. I tried to dissuade him from attempting to save himself in that manner. At nine o'clock General Lallemand returned from his visit to Bordeaux, and the corvette, etc. He held many mysterious talks with different persons. Bertrand, the Grand Marshal, told me that His Majesty had made up his mind to go to sea in the Danish ship, whose captain (Besson) had been a French naval officer of the Guard; that he had just bought at Rochelle a cargo of brandy to be loaded on his ship, in which there was a hiding-place; that he had all his papers, a passport, etc. There were only four sailors on board, and only four persons could accompany His Majesty. I replied that I would never quit France unless I did so to follow the Emperor, and if I left, it must be with him. I went up to the chamber of His Majesty, who told me with regret that he could take with him on board the Danish vessel only Bertrand, Lallemand, Rovigo, and Ali,¹ his

¹ Ali, alias Saint-Denis, was a native of Sens, and became one of the Emperor's household in 1806. He served in Germany and Spain. He also accompanied the Emperor to Holland in 1811. At the close of that year he became the Emperor's second Mameluke under the name of Ali, and served him as a *valet de chambre*. In the field he always carried the spy glass of the Emperor and a small bottle of brandy. In the year 1813 he received the rank of captain. After having been shut up in Mayence, he rejoined the Emperor at Elba, and was with him in the campaign of 1815. At St. Helena he was especially charged with the care of the books and of all dictations. During their captivity a daughter was born to him, who was still living in November, 1898; to whom Napoleon, on the day of her baptism, gave a gold chain, still preserved as a sacred relic in her family. Saint-Denis went back to St. Helena on the "Belle Poule." In his will, dated July 6, 1855, he left to the town of Sens a number of things that had belonged to the Emperor. Pons de l'Hérault, in his "Souvenirs de l'île d'Elbe," says of Saint-Denis: "He was a man of fidelity and devotion; the Emperor could entirely count on him. He was at St. Helena one of the daily witnesses of the persistent crimes by which the

valet—that he would much rather have taken me than Lallemand, but that Lallemand knew the country, and was besides a friend of the captain of the Danish vessel. He thinks it quite reasonable that I should not be willing to leave France unless I accompanied him; he told me that he was very much attached to me, that he had grown accustomed to me, but that his career was ended; that when he reached America he should live there as a private gentleman; that he should never return to France; that in America two or three months would be necessary to get news from Europe, and as much to make the return passage; therefore, such an enterprise as he had made from Elba would thenceforth be impossible. I answered that I feared nothing from the Bourbons, having nothing to reproach myself with; and that I did not adhere to His Majesty from interest or ambition, but because he was unfortunate; and that no one could suppose I was prompted by any motives except unlimited devotion to so great a man, when defeated and deserted. I repeated that he would, I thought, have done better to go to England; that that noble step would have been the most suitable for him; that he could not play the part of an adventurer; that history might some day reproach him for having abdicated, since he had not entirely sacrificed his hopes. He answered that my reasons were good; that it would be the wisest thing to do; that he felt sure of being well treated in England; that it was also the advice of Lavalette, but that good treatment in England would be somewhat humiliating for him. He was a man, and could not bear the idea of living among his most bitter enemies; that he could not conquer this repugnance; and besides, that history could not reproach him for having sought to preserve his liberty by going to the United States. I objected that if he were captured, he might suffer ill-

English government shortened the life of the Emperor. He devoted himself to worshipping with deep respect the memory of one who in his last moments gave him an imperishable testimony of his esteem."—*French Editor.*

treatment. He told me that he should be master of his fate, for in that case he could kill himself. "No," I objected, "His Majesty could not do that. At Mont Saint-Jean it might have been all right, but now it would never do. A gambler kills himself; a great man braves misfortune." The Emperor interrupted me by saying that last night he had had an idea of going aboard the English cruiser, and as he did so exclaiming, "Like Themistocles, not being willing to take part in the dismemberment of my country, I come to ask an asylum from you," but he had not been able to make up his mind. At this moment a little bird flew in through the window. I cried, "It is an omen of good fortune!" and caught it in my hand. But Napoleon said to me: "There are enough unhappy beings in the world. Set it at liberty." I obeyed, and the Emperor went on: "Let us watch the augury." The bird flew to the right, and I cried, "Sire! it is flying toward the English cruiser."

The Emperor resumed our conversation, and assured me that when he grew bored in the United States, he would take to his carriage, and travel over a thousand leagues, and that he did not think any one would suspect that he intended to return to Europe. Then he spoke of the Danish vessel, and said: "Bah! It could very well hold five of us, and you must come with me." I replied that Madame Bertrand would worry her husband by insisting she should die if he went away and left her."¹ His

¹ According to Montholon, Madame Bertrand, who was a creole and very exacting, made a slave of her husband. She was gracious, charming, and capricious. Madame de Montholon, in her "Souvenirs," says she was the daughter of an Englishman named Dillon, and was niece of Lord Dillon, and that she had been brought up in England. Through her mother she was a kinswoman of Josephine; that the Emperor himself had made her marriage with Bertrand, and had given her a marriage portion.

According to Stürmer, Madame Bertrand was sister-in-law of the Duc de Fitz James, and piece of Lady Jerningham, who had brought her up. On all this, without doubt, she founded her pretensions to nobility.

Captain Dillon, an Englishman and a near relation of Madame Bertrand, was received at St. Helena by Napoleon October 22, 1816.—*French Editor*

² Though Gourgaud does not say so, this speech convinced those around the Emperor that he was about to go to America. The mission of Las Cases and Lallemand was a blind intended to keep up the idea that Napoleon was on the point of going on board the English squadron.—*E. W. L.*

Majesty then said that at Rochefort, and at the Île d'Aix, he had proposed to Bertrand not to accompany him, but Bertrand had insisted upon coming. Then he told me to let Bertrand in. Our dinner was a very sad one. After it was done, Bertrand gave me two pairs of pistols to be given on the part of His Majesty to Captain Ponée and Captain Philibert. They thanked me, exclaiming: "Ah! you do not know where you are going! You do not know the English! Dissuade the Emperor from taking such a step!" I returned. All our luggage was taken on board the Danish ship when the night was darkest. I went to the corner of the island, near which the vessel was moored. Las Cases and Lallemand were sent to the frigate, and were thence to go, under a flag of truce, on board the English vessels. About midnight, our preparations for departure were suspended.

July 14. We saw our envoys with their tricolored flag approach the English vessel. Las Cases and Lallemand came back. His Majesty made us enter his room and asked us for our opinion. All of us, without exception, advised that we should go on board the English ships. Then I remained alone with His Majesty, who showed me the rough copy of a letter he had just written, and asked my advice as well as that of Lavalette. "Like Themistocles . . ." He asked me what I thought of this letter to the Prince Regent. I said that it brought tears into my eyes. His Majesty added that it was I whom he had chosen to carry it, and gave me his instructions: I was to hire a country house, not to enter London in the daytime, and not to accept any proposal of his going to the colonies. Then he dictated to me a letter that Bertrand was to write to the English commodore, when he should send me with Las Cases on board his ship, as quartermaster to prepare his quarters. He dictated to me besides, a copy of the letter I was to carry. Then he sent for Bertrand, made him write the letters,

and gave me for myself the rough copy in his own hand of the one he was about to send to the Prince Regent.¹ As I went out I met Beker; I did not tell him I was going to England, but I begged him to see my mother² on his return to Paris, and to give her news of me. Madame de Montholon begged me to contrive in some way that she should go on board the same ship as His Majesty. I took Las Cases with me, and I embarked on a boat taking with me an usher, a page, and a footman. We were well received on board the "Bellerophon." Captain Maitland made Las Cases and me come into his cabin, where we found Captains Gambier and Sartorius commanders of two corvettes.³ Las Cases still pretended that he knew no English.⁴ Captain Maitland and the two officers did not seem to doubt that I should at once be forwarded to London. Las Cases was enchanted. He heard all that the English officers said: the letter to the Prince Regent had made a great impression on them. Las Cases advised me to write to the Emperor that he would certainly be well received in England. I objected, saying that I understood nothing of what was said around me; that he on the contrary had better write all that to Bertrand, when the boat went back; that as for me I should go aboard the corvette that they placed at my service. As night fell, Captain Sartorius took me, as well as my servant François, on board the "Slaney," a corvette with four guns and eight carronades.

July 15. At eight o'clock in the morning we fell in

¹ Needless to say that this precious document is reverently preserved among the archives of the Gourgaud family.—*French Editor.*

² What proves that after all Napoleon had doubts what fate might await him when he should have given himself up to the English, is that he said to Beker, who wished to accompany him on board the "Bellerophon": "I do not know what the English will do with me, but if they should not respond to the confidence I place in them, people would be sure to say that you delivered me up to them."—*French Editor.*

³ Gambier commanded the "Myrmidon," and Sartorius the "Slaney."

⁴ The English were afterwards indignant at this dissimulation of Las Cases, and it is possible that the opinion of him it created in England had something to do subsequently with his expulsion from St. Helena.

with the "Superb," the flagship of Admiral Hotham. Our captain went on board of her, but soon returned. At nine o'clock we had tea, at four dinner; at six they signalled an English frigate which had overhauled a Danish vessel. The wind being northwest, we tacked. An English sailor was flogged.

July 16, Sunday. We saw the schooner "Telegraph." I dined in the ward room with the officers, who were excessively polite to me. They do not play cards, nor even chess, on Sundays.

July 17. The wind shifted a little. During the night a vessel spoke us. In the morning another asked us where Napoleon was.

July 18. During the night the pilot lost his way.

July 19. Just as we thought ourselves near Ouessant, and were making ready to double the point, we found that we were south of the Île de Sein. We passed the Bec du Raz and the Black Rocks. In the evening the sea was rough; we had a storm.

July 20. We saw Ouessant. The wind was from the north and against us. At ten o'clock we saw a ship, the "Chatham," and a corvette; we made signals to them. At half-past two we passed Ouessant between the rocks.

July 21. Perfectly calm.

July 22. At six in the morning we sighted England. We reached Plymouth in the evening. At nine o'clock Captain Sartorius, who up to that time had led me to believe that he would take me up to London, lowered his boat, but refused to take me to speak to Admiral Keith. I reminded him that that was not what Captain Maitland had said to me. I protested against this deception, and I asked permission to go up to London and carry the letter of the Emperor to the Prince Regent. Refusal. I have been duped. I thought Captain Maitland a different man. Could I have deceived myself as to English generosity? Captain Sartorius has evidently no intention of

returning to his ship. He is going up to London; he has taken his trunk and his portmanteau with him.

July 23. The boat came back at midnight. It brought a note from Captain Sartorius to his First Lieutenant, containing an order to weigh anchor and go at once to Torbay. I protested again. They started at noon. We anchored at Torbay. Again I asked permission to go ashore. Refusal. I asked for a refusal in writing, which was not granted me. They hoisted a quarantine signal to prevent any communication with us. They placed four sentinels to prevent any boats from coming near us. They made one exception, however, for a boat which brought a newspaper.

July 24. The "Bellerophon" came to anchor at Torbay. I went on board of her shortly after, at eight o'clock. The Emperor, who was on board, made me come into his cabin. I told him all that had happened to me. He told me that Admiral Hotham had sent an officer who would make a change in the situation, and he asked me if I had kept the letter. "Yes, Sire." They brought in some newspapers. A great number of people, curious to see the Emperor, surrounded the "Bellerophon." Boats were put off to make them keep away. I noticed that Las Cases was wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had not had when we parted.

July 25. We got some papers from Exeter. Madame Bertrand, who had been on good terms with Captain Gambier, got angry with him because he did not choose to show her these papers. He behaved somewhat rudely.

July 26. At half-past one in the morning Sartorius returned from London. At three o'clock they put to sea. Nothing had transpired about his journey. We reached Plymouth at four o'clock. Maitland landed. During his absence the frigate "Liffey" anchored close to the "Bellerophon." The ship's boats, with officers on board

of them, made all the little craft with curious spectators keep away. Maitland announced that he should dine on shore with the Admiral. At nine o'clock he came back, seemed much embarrassed, and said nothing positively. Our position seemed no better. We all began to feel anxious as to whether His Majesty would be received. Las Cases had no doubt of it, nor of the reign of Napoleon II. He gave us a great eulogium on the subject of English liberty. He had a sharp dispute with Lallemand, who drove him off the field. During the night another frigate, the "Eurotas" (Captain Lillicrap) took up her position on our starboard. The Emperor told me to give the letter of which I was bearer to Maitland, who asked it to carry it to London. I then learned that Las Cases being in the boat which was carrying the Emperor on board the "Bellerophon," had asked him to name him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in order to make a better appearance on his landing in England. He had put on a naval captain's uniform, having been a midshipman before the Revolution. Vanity of vanities!

July 27. I asked Maitland why the frigates were moored so close to us. He gave me very poor reasons, and ended by saying it was by order from the Admiralty. I spoke of it to the Emperor, who replied that we must wait to hear from the commander of the "Superb." Maitland went on shore again, and on his return seemed less embarrassed. He told us that next day Admiral Keith would come on board. They would not fire a salute because they had fired none for His Majesty. Many boats, full of curious spectators, surrounded the ship; one among them was filled with musicians. They were less severe with them than on the day before.

July 28. At five o'clock Captain Maitland went ashore. They told me that I and Planat and Maingaud,¹ were to be transferred to the "Liffey." His Majesty

¹ A surgeon who had been with the Emperor since he left Malmaison.

sent for me. He had not heard of this, and assured me that it was very far from his intention that I should not stay with him. Bertrand pointed out to him that the lieutenant had orders during Maitland's absence to take me to the "Liffey." Maitland's return is expected. Many boats with ladies on board were seen going toward the "Eurotas," where a companion ladder had been put over the side. This made us all very anxious. We were afraid we might be sent on board one of these frigates. Maitland came back and announced that Admiral Keith would soon arrive, and that Planat and the others were on board the "Liffey." He made his way into the Emperor's cabin, but soon came out again. The Admiral came at a quarter to twelve, went in to see the Emperor, stayed there from twenty to twenty-five minutes, came out, went up to Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon, was very polite to them, and told them that everybody could stay on board; that it had only been proposed to put some on board other vessels that we might be more comfortable. We felt more reassured. Maitland went ashore again at two o'clock. I gave him a letter to be mailed to my mother. Las Cases seems to have got a gold Cross of the Legion of Honor which Marchand must have sold him. We are again made anxious by reports that are flying around us. In the evening Maitland returns, and seems gloomy.

July 29. It rains all day. Maitland goes ashore at five o'clock. He brings back papers which talk of sending us to St. Helena.

July 30, Sunday. Maitland goes ashore as usual. He brings back at two o'clock papers containing dreadful news. He informed us that an Under Secretary of State was about to visit us, who would bring us the decision of the English Government. Our depression was extreme. We noted the goings and comings of Maitland, who at last told us that Admiral Keith would not come till the next day. We grew more and more anxious. It is said

that His Majesty will be permitted to take with him only myself and four officers.

July 31. Maitland went ashore at six o'clock. He came back at ten and brought bad news. Admiral Keith and Bunbury, the Under Secretary of State, arrived at a quarter past eleven, and went in to His Majesty, with whom they stayed three-quarters of an hour. They had informed him that he must go to St. Helena with his officers, except Rovigo and Lallemand. The Emperor declared that he would not go; that his blood should rather stain the planks of the "Bellerophon"; that by coming among the English he had paid the greatest possible compliment to a nation whose present conduct would throw a veil of darkness over the future history of England. The Admiral begged him to write him a letter on this subject, and His Majesty wrote that he preferred death to St. Helena, and that he was not a prisoner of war. He told us afterwards that he would not go to St. Helena, to find an ignoble death there. "Yes, Sire!" we all cried, "very ignoble! Better be killed defending ourselves, or set fire to the powder magazine." Lallemand and Rovigo, who were present, wrote to the Admiral to invoke the protection of the English laws.¹ A sad dinner.

In the evening Madame Bertrand rushed like a mad woman into the Emperor's cabin, without being announced, and made a great row. Then she went back to her own quarters and made a terrible scene. She tried to cast herself into the sea. Lallemand, much moved, spoke to the English, and reproached them for their conduct. Maitland, on his part, wrote to Lord Melville. He said he was very sorry for what had happened. He could not have believed it. Lallemand and Rovigo² wrote to Lord Bathurst.

August 1. Maitland as usual went ashore. . . .

¹ We know how that turned out. They were sent to Malta, and were long confined in Fort Manuel.—*French Editor.*

² Rovigo (Savary) was, as the English knew, the man responsible for the death of the Duc d'Enghien.—*E. W. L.*

August 2. The Emperor did not breakfast with us. Madame Bertrand on deck, got up a scene with me like a market woman, and insisted that her husband must fight me. She went so far as to tell him that anybody could see he was not born a gentleman. Maitland reported all this to the Emperor.

August 3. Maitland went ashore. Nothing important. Boats are all the time around the ship, with men and women, all wearing red carnations.

August 4. At two in the morning Maitland received orders to have everything ready to make sail. They weighed anchor. Very soon we learned that the Captain had received orders to go out of the roads; that His Majesty would not be permitted even to choose the officers who were to accompany him, but that Admiral Keith would select them. The Emperor then replied that he would not go. He did not breakfast with us, and desired to speak with the Admiral, who was expected on board; but who did not come. A corvette, the "Prometheus," was at the entrance of the harbor. We went out. The "Thunderer" and the "Eurotas" followed us. The Emperor did not leave his cabin. Some thought he had poisoned himself.

The Captain went on board the corvette where Keith was; he came back saying that Bertrand had also been excepted, but that the Admiral would take it on himself to let him go if he wished it. Great hesitation on the part of Bertrand and his wife. They seem inclined not to accompany the Emperor. His Majesty does not dine this day, and does not come out of his cabin. In the evening Montholon goes to see him. He seems better, and laughs at the anxiety of some people to see him die. He asks me about those who are to go with him. I write to my mother.

August 5. The same escort follows our vessel. The day is passed lying to, or cruising in the channel. The sea is rough. His Majesty is indisposed, and we are all

seasick. They say that Keith, Cockburn, and Hull are on board the "Thunderer," and that they have declared that His Majesty can take only three officers.

August 6. At eight o'clock a ship is seen in the offing. They think she is the "Northumberland." At eleven o'clock we are near her, and all make for Torbay, where we can anchor outside of the roads. The Emperor sends a list of the persons he wishes should accompany him. I am on it. My name is the fourth. Bertrand carries it to the Admiral, with His Majesty's orders to insist on having me. When he comes back he brings word that the English do not choose I should go, but the Emperor insists. Keith, Cockburn, and Bunbury come and interview His Majesty, who protests against the treatment he is made to suffer. He proposes to consider Las Cases as his secretary, and then I can make one of the three officers. The Admirals consult together and decide on nothing. They give us belts, each containing sixteen thousand francs. Montholon, urged by his wife, goes to the Emperor and advises him not to take Madame Bertrand. His Majesty's indecision increases. Will Bertrand go—or will he not go?

August 7. Las Cases goes at eight o'clock to see the Admiral. They make him take off his sword and tell all of us to give up our arms. We murmur at this, for it seems an increase of severity. His Majesty still hesitates about taking Bertrand, because of his wife, but they use their influence with him, and in the end he consents to take them.

Cockburn came at noon with a commissioner; he announced that we were about to be embarked on the "Northumberland." The commissioner looked after the transportation of our trunks, and examined them.¹ None of us chose to witness this proceeding, at which Cockburn was present; eighty thousand francs belonging to His

¹ While this was going on an Englishman, Mr. Guerry, sent some fruit to the Emperor.—*French Editor.*

Majesty was sequestered. I begged the Admiral to let me have my servant. He refused, saying: "Just see these famous French officers; they cannot do without an attendant!"

At two o'clock His Majesty took leave of Rovigo and Lallemand. He refused to take back the belt that he had intrusted to the former, and gave to the latter all that was his on board the Danish ship, which was worth probably thirty thousand francs. He offered a snuff-box to Maitland, who declined it; gave a pair of pistols to the Captain of Marines, and the same to his lieutenant. We all embarked on board a launch. Bertrand, the Admiral, Montholon, Las Cases, myself, Madame Bertrand, Madame de Montholon, and finally the Emperor. When we reached the "Northumberland," the crew were all on deck. His Majesty bowed and said a few words to several of the officers. A boat full of spectators was run down by a cutter, and several persons perished. Before dinner the Emperor had some conversation with Mr. Littleton and Lord Lowther, members of Parliament.¹ At seven o'clock we all dined together. Then we played at *vingt-et-un* and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

August 8. The sea was rough. His Majesty was sick. I slept in the big cabin. Admiral Cockburn² and Bingham³ were very polite, and talked much with me.

¹ On board the "Northumberland" when the Emperor arrived there were two other members of Parliament, Messrs. Stanley and Hutchinson, both belonging to Lord Castlereagh's party.

² Cockburn was the custodian of Napoleon until the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. He had a secretary named Glower, who wrote some reminiscences of the Emperor. "Cockburn could not understand the devotion and fidelity shown to the Emperor," says Madame de Montholon in a letter written July 14, 1816, "by the Bertrands, Gourgaud, and Montholon. These persons continued attached to him in a way no Englishman could understand or even witness without a profound feeling of disgust and contempt." And the Russian commissioner at St. Helena, Balmain, writing on September 8, 1816, speaks with surprise of the fascination Napoleon still retained over his followers. Such devotion, which strikes and astonishes foreigners, is natural in France.—*French Editor.*

³ Sir George Bingham, Colonel of the Fifty-third Infantry, was made a General, April 15, 1816, and as such, under Sir Hudson Lowe, commanded the camp at Longwood. In May, 1819, he sent in his resignation, and returned to Europe.

THE VOYAGE.

On August 9, 1815, the "Northumberland,"¹ with her escort of smaller ships, shaped her course for St. Helena. The voyage lasted until October 14—two months and five days. The "Northumberland"² was not in good condition, and had to go into dock when she returned to England; her crew, like Kipling's "Rowers," were bitterly disappointed when, on entering Torbay after a long cruise in Southern seas, they found they were not to be paid off, were not even to land or take in fresh supplies of water and provisions.

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done, .

But seaward still we go,"

was the cry of their hearts, and there was mutiny on board during the whole voyage. It must have been an anxious time for the commander and his officers. Gourgaud kept his daily journal; but from this time it is chiefly a report of the ship's latitude and longitude, the state of the wind, and a record of the thermometer. Here and there, however, there are passages of interest, as:

August 10. His Majesty did not leave his cabin; he sent for me and said to me that he had better have stayed in Egypt, that he could have established himself there. Arabia, he said, needed a man. "With the French in reserve, and the Arabs as auxiliaries, I should have been master of the Orient. I should have taken possession of India."

August 15. His Majesty spoke to me of his other birthdays. Oh, how different! . . . After dinner when, as usual, His Majesty left the table to go on deck with Bertrand and Las Cases, we drank his health. In the evening, as usual, we played *vingt-et-un*. The Emperor, who on other nights always lost, won that evening eighty napoleons. It was his birthday.

¹The "Northumberland" was an 80-gun ship, carrying the pennant of Admiral Cockburn. She was commanded by Captain Ross, the Admiral's brother-in-law. Her attendants were the "Havanna," a frigate of 44 guns, Captain Hamilton; the "Weasel," a 36-gun frigate; the "Eurotas," the "Squirrel," and the "Peruvian"; also the "Griffin" (Captain Wright). Montholon, in his "Souvenirs," has given us conversations with this officer, who he says bears a historic name.—*French Editor*.

²The "Northumberland" was in bad condition throughout. When I was a little girl I was given a big piece of dry-rot that came out of her.—*E. W. L.*

August 17. One day is like another; the Emperor gets up at half-past eight, talks with one or two of us; gets dressed. At three o'clock he goes into the main cabin, and plays chess there with me or Montholon, until four o'clock; walks until five; at half-past five dinner; then walks till seven, and plays *vingt-et-un* till ten o'clock.

August 31. His Majesty wishes to learn English, and says he shall soon know it after taking a few lessons from Las Cases.

They did not land at Madeira, though the ship lay to off one of the outlying islands, and took in fruit, wine, and water. With so mutinous a crew the Admiral was probably more afraid of desertions among his men than of the escape of his captives.

September 8. Whilst I was in His Majesty's cabin he got me to measure his height. It was exactly five feet two inches and a half.¹ We talked of his return to France, and of Waterloo. In the evening the Emperor played whist with the Admiral.

September 17, Sunday. His Majesty worked with me at problems in mathematics. We extracted square roots and cube roots, and we solved equations of second and third degrees.

September 18. His Majesty talked to me about Lannes, Murat, Kleber, and Desaix, and assured me that the last was the best general he had ever known. He expressed great regret for the death of Lannes, for he knew how much I loved him. "Clausel and General Gérard," he said, "promised well. Bernadotte has no head; he is a true Gascon; he will not stay long where he is. His turn to go off will soon come."

September 19. Madame Bertrand has inflammation of the brain. She has been bled twice. The Emperor says she had better die. His Majesty tells me that among all the actresses of Paris he had connection with only one, Mademoiselle Georges, and that all the stories told about

¹ French measure.

little Saint-Aubin, are false. The prettiest women are the hardest to make love to.

To-day they cleaned the arms that they had forced us to give up. These are now kept under lock and key. Among them are two of the Emperor's swords—the sword of Aboukir, and that of the Champ de Mai. There are a repeating rifle and three other rifles, besides eight or ten pairs of pistols.

September 23. At eleven o'clock in the morning we crossed the Line at about 0° longitude, at the same time as the sun. At nine o'clock the sailors made ready for the usual ceremony. We all expected to be well soaked, but they were not hard on us. A sailor came forward and asked the Admiral who was on the poop, where General Bonaparte was. The Admiral replied that the General had once before crossed the Line. Two men in a car came forward, one dressed as Neptune, the other as Amphitrite. A band accompanied them. It was a real saturnalia. Persons on board who had not previously crossed the Line, presented themselves one after another. I followed General Bertrand. I gave them a napoleon and was not drenched. His Majesty sent for me to know how things were going on, and told me to give Neptune from him a hundred napoleons. I went and asked Bertrand for the money, but he thought it was too much. He hesitated to make the gift. The right time passed. We consulted the Admiral, who told us that if Neptune received five napoleons it would be enough. In the end Neptune got nothing, through the foolishness of Bertrand.

It is worthy of remark that the thermometer was that day 76° Fahrenheit, and only on two days while they were in the tropics did it reach 80°.

September 28. His Majesty sends for me to talk about Waterloo. "Ah! if it were only to be done over again!" he cried.

Two days later there was a little scene between Gourgaud and the Emperor, the forerunner of many others occasioned by Gourgaud's jealousy of Las Cases.

September 30. His Majesty sent for me. Las Cases had told him that yesterday I had said to the Admiral that Bonaparte was not General-in-chief on the 13th Vendémiaire, which is true. The Emperor scolded me sharply. He told me it was he who commanded, and besides, it was none of my business. *He* was the person to tell the Admiral what he chose, and that even if he did not say the truth, I was not to contradict him. "I did not know," I said, "that Your Majesty had spoken on the subject to the Admiral; he questioned me, and I said the truth." The Emperor grew still more angry, and advised me to have no further talk with the Admiral. If he questioned me I was to make no reply. He advised me to imitate Las Cases, and even went so far as to exclaim, "Some day you will pass over to the service of the English!" I replied, "Sire, if I refused to enter the Russian service in 1814, it was not that I might now take service with any foreigners. I prefer to be a soldier of France."

In the evening His Majesty sent for me. The book written by Las Cases, which he had not read, was not, I told him, a work of genius, but it might be useful.

October 3. I had some words with Las Cases, because he had told the Emperor what I said in a conversation I had with him about the death of Duc d'Enghien. He asked me why I came, and assured me that His Majesty would give me three hundred thousand francs with which I could build up a large fortune, if I would go back again. I retorted vigorously. "Las Cases," I said, "I shall never approve of the death of the Duke, or of that of Pichegru. . . . If I am here, it is because I was attached to the personal service of His Majesty, whom I have followed everywhere for four years, except when he went to Elba. I saved his life once, and one always

loves those for whom one has done some great thing. Yet if I had thought he was coming back from Elba to bring misfortunes upon France, I would not have resumed my place in his service. But you, sir—you never knew the Emperor. He did not know you even by sight. . . . Then what are the motives of your great devotion to him?"

I see around me many intrigues, much deception.
Pauvre Gourgaud, qu'allais-tu faire dans cette galère?

October 7. At noon His Majesty dictated to me several pages about the campaign in Italy, and the siege of Toulon. Then the conversation turned on Madame Junot (the Duchesse d'Abrantès). Napoleon said: "She belonged to the police of Monsieur de Blacas in 1814, and was paid fifteen hundred francs a month for her services. Junot married her out of vainglory; he had a mania for the *noblesse*."

Las Cases asserts that the Emperor said to him, "Gourgaud will have no more talks with the Admiral. I have put a stop to them."

October 14, 1815. St. Helena is sighted.

October 15. We cast anchor at noon. I was in the Emperor's cabin as we approached the island. He said: "It seems no charming place to live in. I should have done better to stay in Egypt. I should now have been Emperor of the whole Orient."

A day or two after the Emperor lands, Gourgaud reports him as saying: "It is a horrible island, besides being our prison. You must all of you complain of it bitterly."

This they all did, except Gourgaud in letters written to his mother, to reassure and console her. These letters passed through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe (who came out as Governor of the island, on the 15th of April, 1816) and Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary in the Cabinet of Lord Castlereagh. The tone of this correspondence gave them a favorable opinion of Gourgaud, which in the end served to facilitate a scheme of Napoleon's.



NAPOLEON

THE TALKS OF NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS—1769—1796.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—BRIENNE.—TOULON.—HIS
LIFE AS AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.—THE REVOLU-
TION AND ITS LEADERS.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

“There are many Napoleons in Corsica; I preferred to call myself Bonaparte. Bonaparte is the same name as Buonarotti. I made a mistake when I would not let my relative, Fra Buonaventura, be canonized. . . . At San Miniato one of my kinsmen who was a Capuchin, Brother Bonifacio Buonaparte,¹ died in the odor of sanctity. He was declared ‘blessed.’ When I entered Italy, the Capuchins earnestly besought me to have him canonized, but it would have cost a million francs. Afterwards, when the Pope came to Paris, he proposed the same thing. It would probably have brought over to me many of the clergy; but I consulted my Council, and they thought that it would seem ridiculous, like certain genealogies that had been proposed to me. So the blessed Boniface Bonaparte never became a saint.”

The Emperor one day remarked that he liked the old French custom of leaving the bulk of a family fortune to the eldest son. In this way every family might possess one wealthy member, whom public opinion would oblige to push the fortunes of his younger brothers. The Bona-

¹ When the Bonaparte family became French subjects, they changed the Italian spelling of their name: Buonaparte became Bonaparte.—*E. W. L.*

parte family in Corsica had an annual income of about twelve thousand francs because their property for more than a century had not been subdivided.

The Emperor's grandfather, knowing the spendthrift habits of his son, left all his fortune to one of his brothers, the Archdeacon Lucien Bonaparte. "This," said His Majesty, "was fortunate for us; for my father, who liked to play the *grand seigneur*, would soon have spent everything. He was fond of making journeys to Paris, which always cost a great deal of money. He died at Montpellier at the age of thirty-five. Our great-uncle kept a fortune for us, which my father would have squandered. It was this granduncle, whose purse Pauline took from under his pillow when he was dying."

"My father had always been a man of pleasure, but in his last moments he could not draw too many priests and Capuchins around him. On his death-bed he was so devout that the people in Montpellier insisted he must be a saint. On the other hand, my uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, who died at the age of eighty-four, and who all his life had been a wise man and a brave man, would not let a priest come near him in his last moments. Fesch, however, insisted upon seeing him; but when he wanted to put on his stole,¹ my uncle, as soon as he saw him do it, told him angrily to let him die in peace. Nevertheless he spoke to us of religion up to the very last."

"My father, Charles Bonaparte, died of a cancer about 1785. My brother Louis was so absurd as to have his body removed from Montpellier, that he might erect a monument over his remains at Saint-Leu. My father and mother were very handsome people. My wet-nurse came to see me at the time of my coronation. My mother seemed quite jealous of her, but the Pope noticed her several times. My foster-sister, who was a clever woman,

¹ Preparatory to administering the last offices of religion.

married an officer, and one of her brothers, who was not far from my own age, became (though the son of a Corsican boatman) captain of a frigate in the English navy.”

“Madame mère had thirteen children. I am the third. On August 15, 1769, she was on her way home from church, when she felt the pains of labor, and had only time to get into the house, when I was born, not on a bed, but on a heap of tapestry. My father died in 1785. If he had lived my mother might have had twenty children. Madame mère was a *maitresse femme*. She had plenty of brains!”

“At one time in my reign there was a disposition to make out that I was descended from the Man in the Iron Mask. The Governor of Pignerol was named Bompars. They said he had married his daughter to his mysterious prisoner, the brother of Louis XIV., and had sent the pair to Corsica under the name of Bonaparte. I had only to say the word, and everybody would have believed the fable.”

“When I was about to marry Marie Louise, her father, the Emperor, sent me a box of papers intended to prove that I was descended from the Dukes of Florence. I burst out laughing, and said to Metternich: ‘Do you suppose I am going to waste my time over such foolishness? Suppose it were true, what good would it do me? The Dukes of Florence were inferior in rank to the Emperors of Germany. I will not place myself beneath my father-in-law. I think that as I am, I am as good as he. My nobility dates from Monte Notte.¹ Return him these papers.’ Metternich was very much amused.”

“I am not a Corsican. I was brought up in France. I am a Frenchman, and so are my brothers. I was born in 1769, when Corsica had been united to the kingdom of

¹ Napoleon's first victory, 1796.

France. Joseph is my elder brother, which caused some people to say that I was born in 1768. One day at Lyons, a *maire*, thinking he was paying me a compliment, said: 'It is surprising, Sire, that though you are not a Frenchman, you love France so well, and have done so much for her.' I felt as if he had struck me a blow! I turned my back on him."

"Those who write libels on me are pleased to call me a Corsican. They say that I am not a Frenchman! I am more of an Italian, or a Tuscan, than a Corsican. And yet my family has always held first rank in that island. Like Paoli, I had twenty-five or thirty cousins in Corsica. I am sure that many of the Corsicans who followed Murat into Calabria must have been my kinsmen."¹

"My mother was a superb woman, a woman of ability and courage. Almost up to the time of my birth she followed the army that was contending against France in Corsica. The French generals took pity on her, and sent her word to go to her own house until after her confinement. In her own home she was received in triumph. By the time my mother was confined, Corsica had become French. During the Revolution, when Paoli had some idea of putting the island under the protection of the English, I opposed his project, and at last I broke with him. I was persuaded that the best thing Corsica could do was to become a province of France. I said to Paoli: 'I own that many crimes are now being committed in France, but that is the case in all revolutions. All that will end before long, and then we shall find that we make part of a great country.' Paoli would not believe me. I left him and I came to France after war had ruined our property in Corsica. When I first joined the army I was employed on a commission for the purchase of gunpowder;

¹ Two hundred Corsicans formed a band which followed Murat when, in 1815, he attempted to recover his kingdom of Naples.

then I came to Paris, whence they sent me to the siege of Toulon.

“It has been sometimes said that Paoli was my father. It was false. It could never have been.”

“One of my ancestors in Florence wrote a comedy, ‘La Veuve.’ It was extremely indecent (*libre*). I saw the manuscript in the Imperial Library. The changes now going on in France will people America with French refugees, as Florence peopled Corsica with Tuscans.”

BRIENNE.

“In 1814 I could not recognize Brienne, where I had spent my school-days. Everything seemed changed; even distances seemed shorter. The only thing that looked familiar to me was a tree under which, when I was a pupil, I read Tasso’s ‘Gerusalemme Liberata.’”

The Emperor one day declared he could not finish reading “Clarissa Harlowe,” and yet he remembered that when he was eighteen he had devoured it.

“That sets me to considering the difference between eighteen and forty-eight. It was the same thing when I revisited Brienne. What once appeared to me so vast, or so far off, seemed to have grown smaller and nearer. Lovelace was a scoundrel. He was forever holding out hopes that he would make the fortune of those who served him, but his income was only two thousand pounds. I calculated it for him. At eighteen I did not understand what bad places he frequented.”

The Emperor told us that when in garrison at Valence and a lieutenant in the artillery, he was walking one day some distance from the town, when a man came up to him asking if he could tell him where to find Lieutenant Bonaparte; then, suddenly recognizing the man he sought,

he threw his arms about him. He was an ex-monk, one of the teachers at the military school of Brienne. He was a man who had always treated his young pupil with kindness and distinction. When asked what the lieutenant could do for him, Brother Élie (that was his name) answered that he would let him know by and by. Meantime young Bonaparte saw that he was well provided for at Valence, and at the end of three days was told that the funds of his convent had been divided between himself and his colleagues, and that he found himself in possession of thirty thousand francs in gold. Not knowing how to dispose of so much money, he had bethought him of his old pupil, whom he knew, he said, to be trustworthy, and of an honorable family. He therefore begged him to take the money, and to let him draw on it as he had need. After some hesitation Bonaparte accepted the trust, though the sum was an enormous one for a young man in his position. But he heard no more of Brother Élie until he was at Milan during his first campaign in Italy. Then Brother Élie came to see the General, not to reclaim his money, but to shake hands with him. The great man paid over to him more than the original sum; and that was the last he ever heard of Brother Élie.

The Emperor also told us that there had been at Brienne another *minime*, or monk teacher, Patrault by name. He was an excellent mathematician. He had instructed Pichegru; and the whole school highly esteemed him. It was he who had given the Cardinal the poison when he was sentenced to death. He had been made guardian to the daughters of Monsieur de Brienne, and three hundred thousand francs had been given him to bring them up in obscurity, and to find them good husbands in the peasant class, but he wished instead to marry them to his nephews.

“Monsieur de Brienne, when I was Consul, wanted to have his daughters back again, but Patrault would not